

THE WILSON MIRROR.

"Our Aim will be, the People's Right Maintain
Unawed by Power, and Unbribed by Gain."

WILSON NORTH-CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 14 1892.

NO. 35

VOL. 11.

MERRY MORSELS.

AND RADIANT REFLECTIONS
BY HENRY BLOUNT.

Punctuated with Pungent Points
and Spiced with Sweetest
Sentiment

A rabbit trail is a hare line.
Dun is the past tense of due.
The poet is a vers-atile genius.
A false chord of music is a discord.
A bird is never a burden to a poor hunter.

A gnawing rat at night is very annoying.
A rain is ever arraigned for doing mischief.

Ketchup is a nice condiment for late dinners.

A dissipated man is generally a dizzy-pated man.

A lady who never marries should be named Ida Kline.

We wonder if a noise annoys an oyster.
A notice point, that.

Lame men have running expenses the same as other folks.

Strange to say, elasticity has its greatest snap when it's "broke."

The bottom of a gun barrel is always a good base for a charge.

The credit gained by a lie lasts only until the truth comes out.

The chief disease of a miser is attacks of tightness of the chest.

The man who was lost in slumber found his way out on a nightmare.

A husband may be a smoker but his wife won't let him smoke her.

Let people talk about woman's sphere, but their greatest fear is a mouse.

Everything requires sleep. Even a garment looks worn when it loses its nap.

Lovers are fond of the front steps, because they allege it is the place to a-door.

Tears bring forth the richness of our natures, as the rain sweetens the smelling briar.

A smile in sleep is the reflected gleam of a love-ripple upon the current of a dream.

Sarcasm is the throne which is left, when the frosts of ill-nature have withered all of the soul's sweet flowers.

Friendship is that rare flower which blooms as sweetly and as beautifully in the snowy December of misfortune as in the warm and rosy May of prosperity.

Affliction is the furnace through which the heart must pass in order to burn off the dross of all worldly gain, and gild it with the refined gold of Heavenly aspirations.

Character is a mosaic which takes a lifetime for completion; and trifles, the little things of life, are the instruments most used in preparing such a precious stone for its place.

The great truth that needs to be taught to every child, impressed upon every youth, and established in every mind is, that the basis of all happiness is loyalty to truth and right.

Hope is the radiant star in the firmament of life, and throughout the darkest night of adversity it sends down a silvery stream of light to cheer us through the gloom, and bid us upward look.

Happiness does not consist in our possessions, but what we are in need of ourselves. The person who has a clean heart and conscience is far happier than it he was the owner of the untold millions.

The nearer we get to the Cross the less we see of church steeples, for the more we see of Christ and Him, the sweet one crucified, the less care and need we have and feel for useless creed, for only Jesus hanging there, can save us through the gates of prayer.

Love, without fond caresses and honied endearments, is like an orchard when robbed of its luscious and delicious fruit, or like a rose bush when wintry frosts have destroyed the exquisite tints and enchanting perfume of its bright and blooming flowers.

He Died Poor.

Such is the judgment about one who recently died. And yet it was said of this man, who went about doing good in his humble way that "he died poor," because he had failed to accumulate wealth and leave behind him a bulk of property that would stand a frail and fleeting and evanescent monument to his energy and industry and thrift and tact to make and hold money, and to grow rich perhaps at the ruin and downfall of others who fell into the rapacious clutches of heartless avarice, and became a prey to the wolf like fangs of its insatiate greed and hunger. Yes, according to the world's estimate and the way riches are calculated here "he died poor." But go with us, gentle reader, to his death bed and witness the glory light of religious comfort that gathered in a halo of precious cheer around his couch, when the Messenger of Death was making ready to bear his spirit across the flood that rolls between Time and Eternity. No gloomy forebodings and agonizing apprehensions are his as the shadows of Asrael's wing begin to droop about him, for they are gloriously tipped and beautifully tinted with the effulgent splendors of a better and brighter world, and he knew and felt and was comforted with the precious truth that to him the grave was but the glory lit tunnel through which he needs must pass to a higher and sweeter and grander existence, and that Death was but the God sent train of deliverance to bear him to the raptures and the glories of that higher life. And while his loved ones were weeping at his bed side, and were dreading the bitterness of the inevitable parting a beautiful smile of joyous delight broke in sunniest ripples of ecstasy across the wrinkled features, for the pearly gates did open wide at his whispered prayer, and then the beauteous imprint of Heaven's radiance glistened there; and beams of glory round him brightly shone, and told of the splendors of his eternal home. And yet it is said "he died poor." Did he? Let us, in fancy, go to the Judgment Seat and hear the recording Angel as he reads the records of the deeds this poor man did down here, and hear something of the life which he did lead. He did not accumulate wealth; he built no fine houses, whose brick was made with the heart pumped sighs of the oppressed, and whose mortar was mixed with the tears of the widow, to show forth the glory and splendor of his riches; he did not move about in the gilded carriage of royal affluence, and have flunkeys to bow in his presence with sycophantic smiles and heartless adulation. No, none of this, but he went about doing good, lifting burdens from shoulders that were too heavily laden, whispering words of cheer to the weak and despondent, giving aid and comfort to the needy and the sorrowing, hushing the cries of the orphans by filling their mouths, and brushing the tear drops from the grief filled eyes of widows that were weeping o'er the graves where their husbands were sleeping. And then when the Recording Angel stops to turn another page, we hear from the Judge Eternal the glorious verdict "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." And then a rustling of silver wings is heard, and angels and seraphs and cherubims gather around this sainted spirit, for they come to take part in the blissful coronation. A glorious crown is brought forward, and it is glistening with richest brilliancy, for every kind deed that he had done for the poor, and every kind word that he had spoken to the disheartened, and every tear that he had brushed from the eyelids of the distressed had been gathered up by unseen angel fingers, and borne to the blessed courts of Heaven, and under the precious alchemy of God's blessed love and mercy they had been changed into pearls and rubies and diamonds, and had been placed as gems and as jewels of richest lustre in that crown of glory which he would wear in bliss forevermore. And then as he bows his head to receive that glittering crown as a reward for his well spent life on earth, another God crowned seraph begins to sip the bliss of that purer, higher birth; and then a shout, known only to blessed immortality, is heard, for all Heaven's dome with sweetest raptures rings, as this poor man strikes his golden harp and with the angels sings.

He Died Rich.

Such was the announcement made last week when a rich man went to his eternal reward. 'Tis true he had accumulated wealth and made his name famous the wide world over; but did he die rich? Was he clothed in the robes of that righteousness woven in the loom of that divine sacrifice made for the sins of the world, or does he stand before the Eternal Judge, stripped of all his worldly possessions—poor and needy and naked? In another column we have traced the career of a poor man who died so rich; now let us glance at the record, as we find it in The World and see if the rich man died poor. That paper says that other men have risen from poverty to affluence, and the United States contain not a few who have created colossal fortunes in a few bold enterprises by the simple exercise of their shrewdness, foresight and daring, but the man's great wealth was created through a series of incidents so extraordinary and so dramatic, and by methods so audacious and unscrupulous, and with results so injurious to his country, that his career dazzles the imagination, and in the brilliancy of its success one is apt to forget the means by which that success was attained. He has been in finance and speculation what Napoleon was in war and politics—the most brilliant adventurer the world has ever seen. Look back upon his wonderful career. As sometimes an assassin is tracked by his footsteps in the snow or by the crimson that have fallen from his fingers, dripping with the life of the virtues so he can be traced by the stains it has left on the records of his time. We follow him into Wall Street, where for twenty four years he was to reign as a king and master. We see him at Albany bribing Senators. We see him in New York purchasing judges, defying the law, issuing millions of securities, not a dollar of which represented legitimate expenditures. We see him plundering the great property of which he was nominally the trustee. We see him and his companion, James Frisk, Jr., the gambler and de-railer, in a series of stock operation opposing Commodore Vanderbilt. We see him organizing the greatest and most dastardly financial conspiracy the world has ever seen laying its foundation in the actual bribery of a member of the President's family, and in attempting to involve in the speculation the President himself—America's greatest captain. We hear the awful crash of Black Friday's earth-quake, from which Gould, the arch conspirator, saved himself, but in which hundreds were involved by Gen. Sickles, Gen. Dix and Gen. McClellan. We see him arrested for appropriating the property of the company of which he was President, and to save himself we see him make a pretended restitution of the misappropriated millions. The records of the investigation tell. Judges were his tools. Legislatures were his instruments. Eminent lawyers were retained to devise safe ways in which to break the law. Business men of repute did not feel disgraced to sit on his boards nor hesitate to share in his pillage. And thus he accumulated riches and thus he died, and in the closing scene he did not catch a radiant gleaming of a blameless and well spent life and his ears must have drunk in the echoes of the wallings made by ruined friends and impoverished widows and helpless orphans. And so if this record be right he carries to his Maker "nothing but leaves," and was indeed both naked and poor.

Life.

Life means immortality, sure and blessed; life means joy, divinest joy, ever sweetening and deepening as the ages roll, life means enthusiasm, constant freshening and uplifting of spirit, every day a new day full of untried possibilities and exhausted hopes. Life means love, wide as humanity, deep as the heart of God; life means expenditure of self for the good of others, source of the purest happiness which the soul can know.

A Stag Party.

"Mr. Snaggs, what is a stag party?" asked Mrs. Snaggs of her husband. "Paradoxical as it may seem," replied Snaggs, "a stag party is one to which the dears are not admitted."

Will Pass Away.

Reader, are you burdened with cares, and is the roadway hot and dry and dusty, and do you feel like fainting by the way side? If so, cheer up and find comfort in the blessed thought that all these things will one day end, and pass away. Are you the sad victim of disappointment, and is your face now catching the pitiless pelt-ings of misfortune's iciest and stormiest winter. If so, remember that as the fiercest blast doth yield to the odor-filled breath of the vernal season and pass away, so will the rigors and the tempts of life's hardest winter lose their power and their fury, and will one day end and pass away. Is your heart filled up with the sad, sad ruins of blighted and crushed and shattered dreams, and do you find scattered here and there in mournful heaps the sharpened thorns of bitter memories? If so, remember that these will also fade and pass away. Are you forced to wear sorrow's crown of sorrow by remembering happier days and are you keeping in sacred and sweetest nursery the old faded letters, all crumpled and yellow, once bright and beautiful evidences of a love which burned and glowed so warmly and so radiantly, but now so cold and dead, and with nothing [around it but ashes. Are you? If so, remember that even these memories, and all of the relics that love used to wear will end and pass away. Yes, kind, gentle reader, all the trials and all the troubles and all the sorrows and all the heartaches will pass away, and you can rest on the grass spread banks of gurgling brooks, and stroll at will through fragrant meads, mid scenes of sweetest peace and brightest joy. And now if bereavement is wringing your heart in its grasp of anguish, and jewel-ing your eyes with the glistening gems brought from its deep hidden casket of sorrow, remember that these tears—these pearly messengers from their reezy home of grief—will one day be dried up in your weeping eyes, and brushed away by the crimson sweep of the golden floodlight of resignation, even as the warm, bright sunbeams of morning dry up and brush away those trembling silver tears which the night did weep, and dropped upon the sky's dark face of shadow and of gloom. Then, reader, take cheer and comfort, and when your way is darkest and life seems to be forlorn, remember that out of the deepest shadows there blossoms the rose of dawn.

A Reflection.

Those who penetrate the depths of human existence know that the most impressive prayer is silent, the purest joy unspeakable. There are poems that have never been written in the language of men—songs that have never been sung, but who can doubt but that some of them were sweeter far than ever heard, nobler than ever expressed. Yes, it is possible that there are those who have had visions of ambition just as grand, hopes just as sublime as any that ever brightened the lives of Milton or Shakespeare; but "the setting of a great hope is as the setting of the sun," and the sun of their ambition has set amid the dark clouds of neglect, envy and despair, leaving not so much as one golden footprint behind. Those who, perhaps, would have been illustrious benefactors of their race, the most devoted followers of science, have had their life barks driven rudely along by the adverse winds of time, and at last have entered the port of death, their names unknown, their deeds unsung. It is thus that many a bud of promised genius has died unfolded, its fragrance still within it; many a gem of brightest lustre has been washed under the dark rocks of oblivion by the tides of society.

Potency Of Little Things.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of corn,
Make the festive whiskey
And the morning horn.
And the little cocktails,
Humble though they be,
Make swelled heads and fill
The penitentiary.

Home Sweet Home.

Little word, but none so potent and magical in its influences. Why is it that "Home Sweet Home" so thrills the pulses and warms the blood and mists the eye whenever it is sung to the world? It is because it does appeal so powerfully and tenderly to human souls, and because it never fails to inspire a sentiment that animates every breast. No other word stirs such emotions—no other sound is so freighted with holy memories. Visions of gold in far off fields may allure our straying footsteps, but we cannot forget the old fireside, however coarse; nor its friends however unlearned and uncomely; when the winds are sighing their dismal misere, the memory of all steals over us with a heart breaking tenderness akin to the pathos that saddened the Swiss guards. Dearly as they loved their honor, the love of home and associations was stronger—the killing exile could no longer be borne and the disgrace and penalty of desertion were forgotten in the unconquerable yearning for another glimpse of his native hills, and the old garden orchard and streams. Hear the story of Rob Roy, when compelled by his great foe to leave his much loved father and flee for safety in stranger lands, how his and every other heart broke under melancholy plaint of poor Helen, until he cried out in his great sorrow, "I would not have that touch of the heart break again—no! not for all the broad lands once owned by the MacGregors." "Locharbar no more" was too much for the old Highland Regiment in Canada, for the remembrance of home's familiar haunts and the groves and voices and hand clasps of friends saddened every heart and moistened every eye till laid down their arms to forget they were soldiers, and wept as children. In our wanderings we may find regions more beautiful, skies more blue, flowers more fragrant, and friends as loving, but the scenes and associations and tender attractions of home will ever stand first in love and last in memory.

Mother's Boy.

In The Ladies Home Journal we find the following excellent picture of "Mother's boy." "He does not use vile language. He is considerate of others. He plays with a vim and dash born of enthusiasm and good health, but he is considerate of boys younger, weaker, and smaller than himself. He is tender in his treatment of his sisters. He does not cause his father anxiety by doing things that would displease him. He does not go into the class-room without preparation for the studies of the day. He treats his teacher with consideration that boys should treat their elders and superiors. He goes to bed early, and is up with the lark. He has a due regard for his own personal appearance, and keeps his face and hands and clothes clean. He reads good books to elevate his mind. He is loving and gentle with his mother. He finds pleasure in her society. He is ever ready to save her weary footsteps by anticipating her wishes. He is saving his pennies. He is generous to those who do not treat him fairly. In a sentence he is a manly boy. There are such mother's boys in the world. They are the hope of the future."

Longings.

Come into my heart, love, life is slipping by, come and chase the shadows from a darkened sky; come and to an aching heart bring love's healing balm, come and still the tempest sweet, with thy blessed calm. Life is now a weary life, full of grief and pain, come and make its saddened hours, breathe a sweet refrain. Come and through the gloomy clouds, cast love's bright ray, and lighten up the dreary road to eternal day.

Not Familiar.

Literary Young Man (at party)—Miss Jones, I suppose you are familiar with Crabbe's Tales?
Young lady (scornfully)—I was not aware that crabs had tails.
L. Y. M. (confusedly)—I beg pardon, Miss; I should have said read Crabbe's Tales?
Y. L. (still more scornfully)—And I was not aware that red crabs had tails either.